The Pole Star Monthly

昭和七年七月九日第三種郵便物認可　**SUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER**　昭和十一年七月廿五日印刷 昭和十一年八月一日發行（毎月一回一日發行）

VOL. XI—NO. 1]　AUGUST 1, 1936　*Price 3 sen*　Published by the Hokuseido Nishikicho, Kanda, Tokyo

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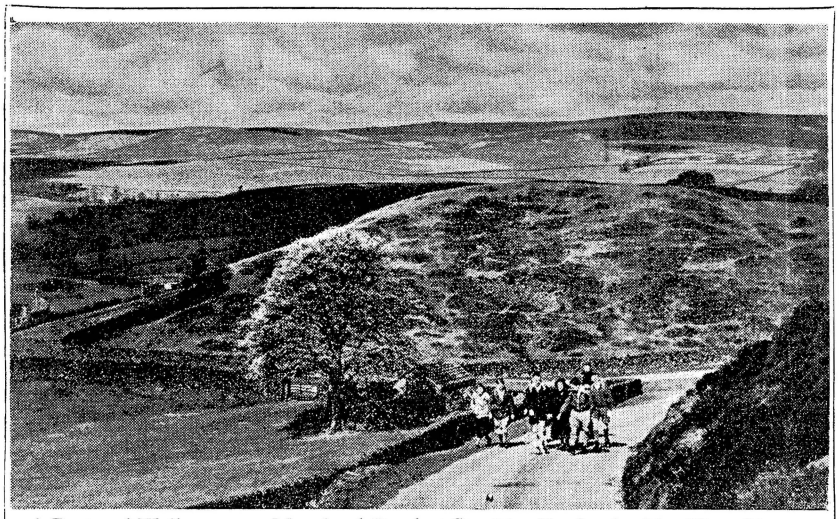


A Party of Walkers on a Moorland Road at Storiths, England. The View Shown Is Looking towards Barden Moor and Cracoe Fell.

Summer in Britain: Country Life and Scenes

By ADRIAN BELL

"The Oak now begins to take up the empire of the year and wear a budding garland about his brows. Over all this settles down the white cloud in the West, and the morning and the evening draw towards summer," wrote Edward Fitzgerald. It is midsummer, and yet, paradoxically, summer has only begun.

Variety of green is the key-note. The willows stand between green and flashing grey; the elm, the ash, the chestnut, beech have each their light, their shadow pattern. It is a time when the aggregate view and the detailed have both an equal power. In the landscape all fields have movement; currents sweep over the grass and the corn; but the green of the corn is growing lighter than the green of trees and hedges. The fields of corn are outlined by their boundaries: the trees look heavy and dark against their background.

Long before any touch of autumn is visible in the general landscape there are hints of decline in the closer view. But as yet every leaf is perfect and every stem strong, striving, full of sap. Bindweed, wild hops and bryony are spiralling up, stretching out to any support that is near, even if it is only the brittle stems of last year's growth which hang all winter like a skeleton cloak from bushes and young trees.

The First Produce

By path and brook and roadside there is delicacy in depth, and density composed of filigree. Round the posts and hand-rail of the plank bridge over the brook the wild hops have swathed themselves: their vine-like leaves flutter there in spirals as though decorating them for some mythical festival. Young birds are on the wing that have not yet learned what to fear. A wren darts from the hedge and settles for a full minute on one's sleeve, with that curious mixture of urgency and hesitation, while the parent birds chatter in a fury of apprehension to the young one.

It is a time that stands within the borders both of flower and fruition. In the cottage gardens the neat rows of spring have given place to the confusion of profusion. The first produce is being enjoyed. The spring flowers are gone: they are vanished, their decay swamped in the rising tide of growth. Though flowers follow one another in continual procession from even January to December, there are some which stand for us as stages in the year.

What the primrose and the daffodil are to spring, the sweet pea of garden flowers and the wild rose of wild ones are to midsummer. Those straggling briars that one has watched all winter rioting in the wind, talon-like, now stand in the still air poised, pink-flowering: they are a wreath, a bow, a wand; a bridge of fantasy, arching to the earth and drowning their flowers in the long grass. Or if the wind moves them, it is in the motions of a dance.

Spirit of the Land

Later, when the first verdure of summer is exhausted, and the grass of the sheep-walk glitters like splinters of glass, the nodding thistle rises out of that sand-coloured waste, brilliantly green with bursts of purple bloom. Close beside, one halts suddenly to see the sitting partridge, still as a stone. Her plumage, so smoothly packed and variegated, gives an effect of rounded hardness; only the circle of the eye, brightly staring, gives her away. So she sits outstaring you till you quietly move back. Then she, too, making no clamour of alarm, steals into the hedge.

But there is little of the waste or desert in the spirit of our country even in the driest summer. All below the mountain tops it is a spirit of habitation. Any corner of the English scene is a kind of historical poem. One has only to look at the post-cards hanging in any village shop—an angle of churchyard, a lane, a stretch of river—the very artlessness with which the photographs have been taken, as though the camera had been pointed at random, is better than any amount of studied effect.

The gaping child with his hoop, the baker's horse drawing the cart on to the grass as he crops the roadside strip, the intrusive telegraph post are details that mark the scene for what it is; a living moment, not a monument. Take the scene even as it is in black and white: the head-stones, the great yew, the path, the bench by the church porch. To reflect on the kind of life that has arranged these in that relation to one another which owes nothing to art is to evoke a sense of homogeneity mysteriously complete.

Everywhere it is the same, and summer more than ever shows it. The more Nature expands and sends forth the more is man's hand and home apparent. The near view is as impressive of this as the wide. Close by, in the hedge, a briar on which the hedger, with native fancy, budded two roses from his own garden, now bears red and white cabbage roses. There is a holly tree which he let grow and tried his hand on as a topiarist; and wild cherries on which he has grafted the cultivated kind: there the fruit hangs, waiting for the

children or the birds.

Village Life

Look over a wall in Wiltshire on a summer afternoon: along one side of a yard a stone-tiled roof projects, supported on rounded pillars. It is a cloister—no, it is a cart shed. A door is open revealing a plain, whitewashed interior where milk is flowing in a bluish veil down a cooler. The only sound is the trickling of the milk into the pan beneath. A bell rings: it is down by the river, where whitewashed stones step down to the current. A cool air comes off the water. A boat is moored at the other side, where a woman with a market basket has just rung the bell, hung on a bough, and is settling herself into the boat.

The ferryman, thus summoned, swings down the path from his cottage, jumps into the boat, and pulls her across. A word is exchanged as she steps out, and his laugh resounds above the murmur of the river. Another bell sounds, much like the first (in both there is something of the blacksmith's hammer). That is the church clock striking five. Between them they enclosed this minute of village life, enacted with the smoothness and precision of rehearsal by long custom.

Or take the great view: the sequel to a rainy day in the Fens. The surface of the dyke dances with the drops: the rank herbage of the roadside is weighed down by them confusedly, as by a wind. The bridge echoes the murmured conversation of two anglers underneath. The country all round is waist-high with corn, standing thick and level as a table. Suddenly, as the sky lightens, the sun flashes out, and far away across that stirred sea of greyish-green stands Ely Cathedral on the horizon.

There are many ways of seeing England nowadays. Best, perhaps, is a kind of railway pedestrianism. The car begets illusory urgencies all its own; the cyclist is cut off from field paths; while hiking by itself is apt to degenerate into an endurance test. But the walker who uses the train plays the railway game to perfection. That it is often a form of patience is not really a drawback, but the reverse. It is the wait for a local train that often yields the best-remembered glimpses. How often "I had half an hour to spare" prefaces some adventure of discovery.

A Cotswold Ridge

There are branch lines winding through little valleys that burrow into the very heart of England and are hardly known at all to the outside world. The country stations themselves are gardens. Country people get in and out every few miles, loud with their life. There is none of the reserve that rules in the carriage of an express. Likewise the view from the windows is not all façade: one sees England's back gardens. The fruit is forming on the apple trees: someone is picking the first peas or digging the first root of potatoes, handing the tubers to wife or neighbour for appraisal.

Leaving the train, one goes by lanes and paths. Topping a Cotswold ridge, one finds oneself looking down into a grey village directly below. It lies minutely mapped out along the brook, that disappears through a mill, under a bridge, then is fringed by the rectory lawn. The great house is softly packed in trees. Every property, whether cottage or park, is defined by its wall; and within that square some fragment of personal life is visible.

Of the whole, the impression is first of stone, and then of houses; of stone that has an affinity with weathered oak, and then, further, with the look of a certain grey-haired villager one remembers. That little knot of houses and gardens attenuates and unravels across the valley in the walls of fields, and bespeaks the same kind of cultivation that growing Nature has been subjected to, nothing less gradual. One descends to it and the proportions of life are re-established. Walls conceal: the weathercock is as far above as it previously seemed below: the barn and the nave of the church are in solemn relationship.

Climax of the Year

Field paths, seen in prospect, are a kind of signature to the landscape. For generations trudged, they yet look lightly trodden; they assume so often a swinging grace of outline. There is one, falling from the road to some cottages: it skirts a walnut tree on one side, outlines a bed of arabis on another, sweeps round a holly bush to the porch. An age of coming and going has somehow steadied its curves to the swiftness of a swallow's flight.

The sound of the whetting of blades marks the year's climax. The first field is cut, and for a few hours you may see the marguerite daisies staring bright and alive out of the swirling contour of the swathe. Soon the fresh green grows grey and its smell is the smell of hay, and the tedder turns it, whirling it up like spray from a paddle wheel, and the rake gathers it. Then the stacking, one of the first of the labours of summer.

The stack goes up straight and angular beside one of last year's, now rounded with age; beside the straw lambing-pen also, memory of March, now sun-brittled and sunken and deserted. The wind that freshens the warmth blows dust and clover fragments into the stackers' faces. Dried flowers, still with their colours, settle on their shirts. White pigeons tower and float overhead, and a wagtail with flickering wings holds himself upon the wind as though perched on an invisible bough. The labourers spare them an occasional glance, envious perhaps of their freedom.

Shakespeare's Flowers

Our associations of summer are bound up with the spirit of place, curiously woven of vista and detailt—the view of the Vale of Aylesbury and small flowers of the Chiltern turf at one's feet; the austere contours of the Berkshire downs and the sound of the wind in a clump of beeches where one sheltered from a shower; Salisbury close; the cliffs of Lynmouth warmly reflected in the sea. Or again, the garden of an Elizabethan manor seen through the greenish glass of the old window panes: a garden carefully cultivated to an original pattern, with its knot-beds, seats of thyme and Shakespearian flowers. A conceit, certainly, but not without its place in our present summer. Rural England comes even to the edge of London, and lives in corners about the very city itself. Go down to the river at Twickenham, along a path between walled gardens, past a street of old houses like the more secluded part of a market town; and the yet pastoral Thames banishes from your mind the last thought of modern London.

Perhaps, of all, there is nothing more memorable to us in this Northern Hemisphere than the lingering light of midsummer days. To stay for a night at Lincoln, and, coming out after dinner and strolling through old streets in twilight, suddenly to be surprised by the sun, which has gone from even the roofs of the houses, striking on the upper front of the Minister tower, touching its intricate design with a glow that see ms inspired of the stone itself, dematerializing it to the delicacy of some great embroidered fabric which almost seems to stir.

—*The Times Weekly Edition, London.*

Summer Rambles in England:
The Spread of Hiking

By A. H. ANDERSON ("The Tramp")

The span of a not overlong life covers an almost miraculous change in country rambling at home. Leslie Stephen's "Tramps" and comparatively few rambling clubs in London and the large cities represented the flexible association of individuals bound by some common interest in love of the country towards the end of the nineteenth century. The essence of country rambling then was individuality: to-day it is communal. Then you made your own plan, routes, and dispositions: to-day there is mass-provision, mass-organization, even mass-rambling. Then there was certainly a ritual dress—Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers—but it was rather shyly worn. To-day there is also a ritual uniform, in whose extravagances even sincere artistic representation can hardly conceal elements of caricature.

The best features of the change are largely accounted for by the Youth Hostel movement, which, started as a national organization in 1930, has now (counting Scotland) some 300 hostels. Three years ago the number of night occupants was little more than 200,000: this year it will probably be double that number.

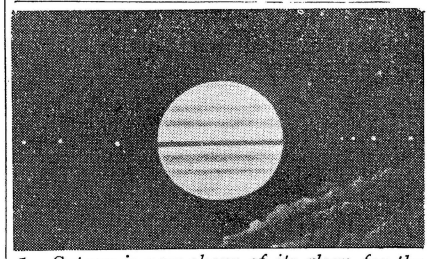
One-Night Stages

The hostels are primarily for use as one-night stages in rambling tours, planned as far as possible as chains or groups, each a day's tramp from the next. For a shilling a night youth may get shelter, and at little more cost many kinds of accommodation in the matter of food. It is, too, for youth an education in country life merely to sample the varieties of hostels. They stand by ancient roads, rivers, and lake-sides; deep in lush countrysides, set barely beneath mountains and on far-away islands.

SATURN'S RINGS VANISHING FROM HUMAN VIEW:

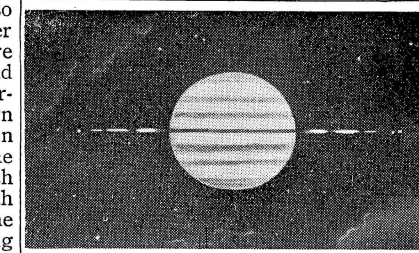
PHASES OF A VAST PERIODIC CHANGE IN THE PLANET'S ASPECT

A most unusual event is taking place 860,000,000 miles away, for Saturn's famous Rings are vanishing from human view. This is a spectacle to be witnessed only once in fifteen years and were the Sun so adorned with brilliant Rings their disappearance would certainly create great excitement; but, in the case of Saturn, only possessors of astronomical telescopes will be able to observe this fascinating sight. The accompanying pictures will, however, show the most eventful stages. Saturn may be seen by anyone and easily found low down in the south-east sky about midnight during July and higher in the heavens as the summer advances. It is situated south of the four readily recognised stars forming the great Square of Pegasus, and, being the brightest object *in the south-east*, Saturn cannot be mistaken, but must not be confused with the much more brilliant Jupiter, which will be more toward the *south-west*. Saturn will also become easier to observe later on, being then higher in the sky and appearing somewhat brighter, since it is coming nearer by about a million miles every day. The stupendous world of Saturn, 760 times the size of our Earth, is surrounded by its vast Ring system of innumerable moonlets as they appeared seven years ago, the regions of their greatest density being the brightest. These moonlets are grouped chiefly into three concentric rings, the outer one with a circumference of 527,000 miles, while the inner one, where the moonlets are fewer and more scattered, appears dusky and permits the globe of Saturn to be seen through them. The whole mass whirls round Saturn at speeds of from 35,000 to 45,000 miles an hour, the inner portions taking only about five hours to travel round Saturn, whose surface is only some 7000 miles below. However, like all else in the marvellous heavens, these Rings are ever changing and now they



1. Saturn is now shorn of its glory, for the rings will have vanished by June 28, 29, though their shadow will remain in the dark line along its equator, proving them to be opaque in their denser parts. Seven of Saturn's moons are shown in a row, as now observable

are vanishing altogether, Saturn appearing as shown in the first picture on June 28 and 29. Fortunately they will merely have disappeared from sight, and for the same reason that a disc of very thin tissue-paper would if seen edgewise at a sufficient distance; the Rings, although so vast in extent and with an outer diameter of 171,000 miles, are nevertheless not more than some 60 or 70 miles in thickness and even less, according to the Astronomer-Royal's estimate. At the distance of Saturn a line so thin becomes invisible seen through even the most powerful of the present telescopes. The angle from which these Rings are viewed from the Earth has been gradually diminishing for the last seven years, and now, after remaining invisible for a couple of days, they will reappear as a thin straight line of light extending from each side of Saturn. This will remain as a most singular appendage of Saturn until the end of the year, the brilliant straight rods of light slightly widening in the interval, until on December 28 next they will break up in a most remarkable fashion into sections, as shown in picture No. 2. However, they will soon appear to mend, the cause of this partial disappearance being totally different from that which makes them vanish entirely in June; for, whereas in June it is because the Earth is brought into line with the plane or level of the Rings and so causes them to be seen edgewise, in December it is because of a great event happening on Saturn which, if it happened on our world, would transform large areas of the tropical and temperate regions of the Northern Hemisphere during the next fifteen years into a dreary, sunless waste for most of the time—a state of things which for the last fifteen years has been bestowed on the Southern Hemisphere of Saturn. It comes about thus. The Sun, which for the last fifteen years has been shining upon the upper or north side of the Rings, and so providing any residents in Saturn's Northern Hemisphere, should there by any chance be any, with a glorious spectacle of arches of light and innumerable little moons at night, will, on December 28 next, pass behind the edges of the Rings and



2. Here the rings of Saturn are seen apparently broken up. This curious phenomenon will be presented on December 28 next, and is caused by the sun-light, in passing from the upper to the lower side of the rings, shining through them and on to their inner edges.

over, to shine for the next fifteen years on their south side with what would be deplorable consequences to the Northern Hemisphere, were this event taking place on Earth. During the change-over on December 28, which will wind up Saturn's joy period in the Northern Hemisphere, a series of grand eclipse phenomena will occur in which, the Sun becoming hidden behind the succession of rings, its light will consequently shine between the interspaces between them and so light up the numerous moonlets along and near the inner edges of the Rings. It is these isolated sections of light which are seen from the Earth and which give the impression that the Rings are broken into segments, as shown in Picture No. 2. These Saturnian events may be better appreciated from the large picture, which shows the Rings as they would appear now if the Earth possessed them instead of Saturn. There the spectacle is presented of the Rings as they would be seen just north of the Equator in the course of the next six

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The railways take their share in this mass-provision. Special trains carry great parties of ramblers for long distances—as even from London to Dartmoor—and sometimes to undisclosed destinations—maybe in Wiltshire, Worcestershire, or Warwick. They can cast care from their shoulders. They may—and do—travel 500 strong under leadership to see the sunrise from some great view-point; may break up into clubbable conducted companies; or wander alone or with their afore-chosen friends along some route laid down for them in sketch-map and words of two syllables—conductors and direction guidance all provided by the companies. With this mass-provision goes mass-organization. The innumerable rambling clubs are now well knit by local federations for large cities and districts, united together to foster hiking interests.

Have these hiking youngsters of to-day—like their nineteenth-century predecessors—their little vanities and foibles? Do not doubt it. Gaily coloured, loud-patterned sweaters, the brevities of their "shorts," the double-rolled socks, defiantly heavy shoes, are—*pace* ingenious individual differences—badges proudly borne and, for their exhibition, too many hikers still tramp the "'ard 'igh road" when all the mysterious footpaths of a lovely country call them.

Opening Old Tracks

This tendency is regrettable. In my county, councils are recording public footpaths under the Rights of Way Act, and every parish finds some ancient footpaths to be now impassable through neglect. Sturdy hikers could rapidly reopen these old ways if more of them would leave the high roads.

Everything points to the continued growth of country rambling. In some degree, at least, it is opening up the old tracks. Sometimes I wonder if, by some juggling of the time-machine, old and present users could be brought face to face, which would be the more surprised—legionaries on Stane Street or the Roman Wall, cattle-raiders crossing the Border, an Archbishop of Canterbury with his retinue and household troops swinging into Charing village, heavy-browed Neolithics on the South Downs—or the hiking bands of lads and maidens, tanned, determined, yet often rather weary, whom they would meet to-day. But the ages are all linked by that love of country which any form of travel must foster.

Ultimate Truths Sought in the Atom

EFFORTS OF SCIENCE TO SMASH IT APPROACH ROCK BOTTOM OF THE UNIVERSE

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

At least six times in the course of a year the press reports the installation of some atom-smashing machine in a university laboratory. There are also tales of protons, positrons, alpha particles and neutrons—all discovered as the result of atom-smashing. Nobel prizes are awarded to physicists whose interest in life is centered in the fragments of atoms that result from smashing. For the atom is the supreme problem of science today. By that we mean the constitution of elementary matter.

We talk about atoms as if they were products of modern scientific thinking. But the ancients postulated them centuries ago. In fact, the atom of Democritus, the Greek, goes back to 400 B. C., and his was by no means the first. Perhaps he seems especially important because he gave us the word "atom." All matter is composed of atoms, he reasoned. If iron, gold and water differ it is because their atoms are different. The Nobel prize-winners in physics cannot tell us very much more. After 2,500 years of thinking about matter and experimenting with it, we have advanced only a little beyond Democritus.

The obvious way of discovering how matter is constructed is to break it up or pick it into the smallest possible pieces and to study these. But, what lies beyond visibility? Scientists must always speculate and theorize.

Atom-smashing hardly describes what the physicists are doing to matter. To be sure, their high-voltage machines and their electric guns and slingshots strike terrific blows, break off bits and even penetrate to the very core of an atom. But smashing implies destruction beyond repair.

Usually the laboratory process of smashing is accompanied by a process of creation. In other words, the bullet that does the smashing, splits the core of an atom and ejects fragments, is captured and used as a building block for a new atom. So, in spite of the smashing, an atom of some kind always remains. Which means that the physicist has not yet found a way of entirely smashing matter—and probably never will. Fundamentally we may never know much more than Democritus knew about matter. But it is something to discover how matter is transformed. The cosmos becomes more dynamic—becomes an evolving structure.

* * *

Even before there was atom-smashing a few physicists had wondered if the chemist's atom was actually the type of fundamental brick of which the cosmos was built. There are scores of different atoms. Can the fundamentals of nature be so complicated? Is it not more likely that they are very simple?

Some shrewd guesses were made. One of the best was that of William Prout, an astute physician and physicist. In 1815 he decided that hydrogen was the fundamental stuff of the universe. An extraordinary guess—this. A fine approximation of our own views.

Success in atom-smashing and an approach to the rock-bottom of the universe came largely as the result of accident. There was Sir William Crookes, a skillful, imaginative chemist who experimented much with a glass tube from which he pumped as much air as he could, and in the ends of which he sealed electrodes. When he connected the electrodes with a source of current the gap between them was bridged by a beautiful glow.

Crookes held an electromagnet near the tube. He saw the glow bend toward the magnet, just as if it were composed of iron particles. "Cathode radiation" the glow was called because it originated at the particular electrode called the cathode.

Can this be light? Crookes asked. Who ever heard of sunlight, candlelight, gaslight, any kind of light influenced by a magnet? He began to address scientific groups on "a fourth state of matter."

This mystery was cleared up by J. J. Thomson, destined to become the greatest physicist of his day. The glow was electric—so much was sure. A few daring physicists had suggested that perhaps electricity was composed of atoms just like matter. Thomson made some measurements which convinced him that electricity has mass—a property supposed to be confind to matter. Then came a day when he could announce that the cathode rays were particles of negative electricity smaller than atoms. In fact, the hydrogen atom, lightest of all atoms, was more than 1,800 times heavier than one of these particles. With this discovery the old-fashioned atom was doomed.

The exhausted tube with which Thomson experimented was the first atom-smashing gun. Its glow was the visible evidence that atoms were being smashed. Electrons streamed from one end of the tube to the other. Sometimes one would hit an atom of gas which the pump had not removed. A negative electron was then ripped off the atom. Whereupon the atom would glow in a sort of electrical anguish. Thomson tried gas after gas. Always flying electrons knocked off electrons from gas atoms. And the electrons were always the same.

So Thomson came to this view: An electric discharge in a tube is composed of electrons. Atoms are composed of electrons. Perhaps electricity (energy) and matter are merely different manifestations of the same thing. The electron theory of

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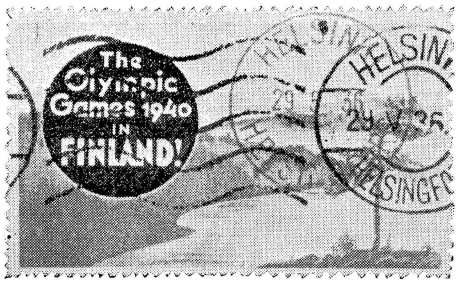
months—the glorious curved streams of light rising from the horizon and stretching up to and across the zenith down to the opposite horizon in vast luminous arches like some superb triple-tailed comet studded with brilliant points. But each day the Sun rises a little nearer to the Rings, until on December 28 next it will pass behind them, a succession of eclipses occurring during the day until the Sun will, finally, begin gradually to vanish from most of the tropical and temperate regions north of the Equator for several years, being only visible to observers in such latitudes south of the Equator. So, except for relatively short periods, such as when the Sun would shine through the interspaces between the Rings or where the moonlets were not dense enough to obscure the Sun, observers would have to migrate to southern lands to regain their accustomed place in the sunlight. That the Earth may actually provide such a spectacle and possess a vast ring of moonlets has been foreseen by Sir James Jeans, who has told us of the probable break-up of our Moon into innumerable small bodies in consequence of tidal strain. These would spread out into an immense ring encircling the Earth like those of Saturn. The spectacle should even be finer, since our Moon contains at least four times more material than the whole of Saturn's Rings put together, notwithstanding their vastness. Fortunately this does not seem likely to happen for long ages hence, and, when we reflect upon the effect which but a single moon seems to have upon the mentality of some moderns, perhaps it is as well we have not myriads of moons like Saturn.

—The Illustrated London News, June 27, 1936.

TOKYO OR HELSINKI?



Helsinki, Tokyo's most formidable rival in the race for being elected as the seat of the XII Olympic Games, is apparently head over heels in her campaign. The postage stamp here printed (actual size) which has been found attached on the envelope of a letter received from a Helsingfors book-store by the Hokuseido Press, is probably only a tiny part of her elaborate, systematic campaign. According to press reports, even porters and waiters of hotels in the north European city, are hard at work in the campaign and are found trying to impress their guests, even Japanese guests! not excluded, favourably of the Finnish claim to secure the 1940 Olympiad for Helsinki. The Olympic Committee to meet in Berlin at the end of July will make the decision about the seat of the twelfth Olympiad, members voting for their own choice among the three entrants for the race, Tokyo, Helsinki and London.

matter was born. There was a revolution in physics.

* * *

But how was the atom constructed? Thomson knew that negative electrons must be held to the neutral atom by some force. So he imagined a sphere of positive electrons in which his negative electrons were buried as in a jelly. Two forces opposing each other would give us neutral atoms—gold, tin or gas atoms.

Was the hypothesis correct? Young Ernest Rutherford, one of Thomson's students, decided to find out. He needed some instrument which could deliver more smashing blows than streaming electrons in a Crookes tube. Nothing that science had invented would do.

He turned to radium. It shot out rays of three different kinds. One kind consisted of alpha particles, hearts of helium atoms. These the radium hurled from itself with a speed of 12,000 miles a second. They were many times heavier than negative electrons; and they had terrific hitting power because of their speed. Let these heavy, swift alpha particles bombard a bit of matter—a piece of tissue-like goldleaf, for example—and what would happen?

Even with these faster, heavier bullets it was hard to blast atoms apart. Rutherford found that when a bullet, an alpha particle, did strike home it was turned aside just as a baseball bounces from a stone wall. There must be something hard inside the atom, reasoned Rutherford—a nucleus. He fired alpha particles at atoms of nitrogen gas. Out flew an entirely new particle, a proton as he called it, a piece of hydrogen, a positively charged particle. Hydrogen coming out of nitrogen? But this was the transmutation of matter about which alchemists had dreamed!

Rutherford fired alpha particles at boron, sodium, aluminum, phosphorus, fluorine. Always bits of hydrogen or protons flew out of the struck atoms. There was only one conclusion—Protons (hydrogen) must be the basis of all matter. Old William Prout was right.

* * *

Neither Thomson nor Rutherford had smashed the atom. But they had chipped it. Thomson's chips were outer electrons; Rutherford's inner protons. Both kinds could be deflected by magnets.

Rutherford's way of bombarding the nucleus with alpha particles has never been abandoned. Its possibilities are not yet exhausted. Professors Walther Bothe and William H. Becker of the University of Giessen tried it on beryllium. Powerful rays came out. Rays of what? Gamma rays, thought Bothe and Becker—rays like X-rays, but much more penetrating. Radium sends them out too.

Pierre Joliot and his wife, Irène Curie, repeated the experiment. They saw the rays easily passing through lead but not so easily through paraffin wax, cellophane or hydrogen.

Rutherford's associate in Cambridge, James Chadwick, was interested. He, too, verified the existence of the new emanation. Probably because of his old association with Rutherford he saw clearly what was happening to the atom. For Rutherford in England and William Harkins of Chicago had predicted years before that there are within the atom not only alpha particles, protons and electrons, but something which Harkins called a neutron, a particle which is neither positive nor negative. Chadwick announced the neutron—the sensation of 1932. The whole conception of the atom had to be revised.

The neutron has turned out to be a boon, simply because it is neutral. Alpha particles, protons, electrons—these have definite electric charges. They may chip a nucleus, but in the end they bounce off. But this neutron can pass through anything. In fact, a glassful of neutrons is an impossibility. They slip right through the glass—through the earth itself, for that matter.

It has become the fashion now to fire alpha particles at beryllium and let the neutrons that fly out bombard other atoms. They are heavy—these neutrons. Harkins says that a thimbleful of them would weigh a million tons. With their aid it has been possible to excite such quiet elements as nitrogen and sodium into radioactivity. Hopes are aroused that artificial radioactivity may become so cheap that expensive radium may be dispensed with in the treatment of cancer.

The New York Times Magazine, May 24, 1936.

(To be continued)

★ CROWDS ★

By JOHN R. TUNIS

We think we know something about sporting crowds in the United States. So we do, too. A World Series opener in New York pulls in 65,000; a game in the Rose Bowl is seen by 80,000. But even our exceptional 100,000 crowds, as at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago, are regularly topped by the British attendance at a big soccer match, a Derby, a boat race or an international football clash.

One of the largest crowds in the annals of athletics—126,047 paying guests—assisted at the 1923 Cup Tie, the knockout competition of the leading professional soccer football clubs of England, a league which corresponds closely to our baseball leagues. That is, 126,047 were lawfully present, but an hour before the kick-off a great horde rushed the gates, pushed thousands of legitimate ticketholders from their seats and had a free view of the match. Estimates of actual attendance were as high as 160,000. I never saw anything like it, and hope never to again, for many people were seriously injured.

But the soccer crowds are not the largest to watch sporting events in the British Isles. They have several free shows over there—why don't we have them in this country?—that are bigger. Fewer than a hundred thousand see our own Kentucky Derby, whereas a million, if estimates of the conservative London *Times* can be relied on, watch the English Derby. Of course, the Derby is a classic. It is more than a horse race, it's great spectacle.

You will notice at the Derby one important thing that differentiates British sport from our own and which goes through all their other sports: whereas the vast majority of onlookers at Churchill Downs are seated, at Epsom only a minority, the King, the Aga Khan, the nobs and a few rich horse-owners get seats under cover. The rest stand.

Or sit on the roofs of automobiles, amid several thousand big red London buses which have been hired by private parties who see the race from the tops.

Maybe they get a good view; but the majority of the vast standing throng has just a glimpse and nothing more. You hear hoofs pounding toward you; suddenly the horses swing around Tottenham Corner—foam-flecked mouths, a clump of gay-colored jockeys with strained faces, a swirl of dust, and they're gone. You can't see the finish; you don't know who's won until it's announced over the loudspeaker.

But you don't come for the race. You come for the spectacle. The Downs are a camping place for gypsies and touts for days beforehand. On the morning of the race, the infield is alive with Derby bookmakers, noisy round-abouts, swing boats, coconut-shies, evangelists predicting the end of the world, card sharps, stalls selling fried eels, gin and bitters, or anything you like. Hundreds of people, thousands of people, hundreds of thousands of people from all over the British Isles, jostle and tramp all over your feet as you mill about.

England's greatest sporting show, in my opinion, and like the Derby another huge democratic festival, is the Oxford-Cambridge crew race, popularly called the Boat Race, which takes place in March on the Thames. Along the four-mile stretch, Cockney crowds who have never seen either Oxford or Cambridge, and never will, densely pack the sides of the river, wearing the colors of one or the other of the universities. At the race I saw, the crowd was more interesting than the race. There was a man haranguing a gathering on the horrors of Dartmoor prison, from personal experience, I gathered. There

AUCKLAND'S REGIMENTED ★ ★ MILKMEN ★ ★

SYDNEY.

You may not choose your own milkman in Auckland, New Zealand. It's against the law! Only the Milk Council, which supervises all milk distribution, has the right to name your milkman, and if you have a complaint against him, or the milk he delivers, it is no use firing him. If you do you will go without milk, unless you can persuade the Milk Council to allot you another. For if the council revokes a milkman's license, his customers haven't the right to choose a new one.

Recently the Milk Council canceled an Auckland milkman's license, whereupon a housewife chose another vendor. Shortly afterward the council heard of the episode and proceeded against the milkman, who was fined a pound, about $4, in court.

With the true British spirit that inspired the lines "Britons never shall be slaves," many New Zealand housewives have turned to condensed milk rather than bow to the Milk Council's dictatorship.

were Punch and July shows on each bank; coffee stalls, peanut and fruit vendors. Fiddlers, bands, pipers, hurdy-gurdies and concertinas elbowed up and down. Imperial Airways had sold places on half a dozen big liners which seated 80 passengers and gave an excellent views of the race from above. A quarter of a million persons were said to have seen this event.

The goofiest crowd in England, in fact the goofiest crowd I've ever seen, is the Wimbledon tennis crowd. I have left Wimbledom at eight o'clock the evening before a finals when Bill Tilden or Helen Wills Moody were to play, and seen a long line already waiting to get one of the 1200 standing places to be put on sale at noon the next day! Before the match starts, probably two or three thousand nuts will have paid three shillings just to enter the grounds, watch the electric scoreboard synchronized with the one inside on the Center Court, and listen to the cheers for a match they cannot even see. Seats for the Center and Number One Courts are in such demand that a ballot is held every year in February, and the lucky winners, about half of those who apply annually, are graciously permitted to buy a book of tickets for the 12 days at a cost of four pounds. The total gate at our championships at Forest Hills, Long Island, will never run much over 50,000. During the Wimbledon fortnight —the last week of June and the first week of July each year—350,000 spectators watch the tennis stars of the world. That's crowds, that is.

Adapted from The American Legion Monthly.

Signboards Of A Bygone Age

Only a Few Specimens Remain to Remind Us Of the Graphic Era in Trade Symbols

By JOHN MARKLAND

City dwellers who take for granted electrical "spectaculars" seven stories high and flamboyant billboard stickers that can be read for half a mile may find it difficult to imagine a day when a diminutive wooden horse, a slight hand-carved figure holding forth a bunch of grapes, or even a life-sized wooden Indian in war paint and feathers could make an impression on the commercial life of the town.

But the exhibit recently set up at the Museum of the City of New York to depict the growth of retail trade in the city gives space to a number of such figures.

Here, as in Europe, such trade symbols – as well as signs on which emblematical devices were painted—were used until well into the nineteenth century. The butcher exhibited a symbolical red porker or black bull, the baker a sheaf of wheat or a loaf of bread. Taverns and public houses went in for elaborately painted signs, of the type favored in England, featuring heraldic devices or characteristic emblems. The "Red Lion," the "Boar's Head," the "King's Arms" and the "Half Moon" were familiar landmarks in Colonial America; they are collectors' items today.

* * *

In an era when only a small part of the population could read, when streets twisted and turned and houses were not numbered, such signs and devices served useful purposes. But New York, as she assumed cosmopolitan airs, quickly discarded the old and traditional. By 1870, according to a writer in The Atlantic Monthly of that era, who had just made an inspection tour of the city's signs, most of the trade symbols of the rude, hand-made variety had already disappeared. Here and there he found a signboard adorned with a painted wheat sheaf, or with two boots—one male and one female—painted in bright yellow against a blue background.

Of the old, elaborately decorated tavern signs he could find only a scant handful: one or two Shakespeares, a Golden Swan, a battered George Washington. Jeweler's clocks and the three golden balls of the pawnbroker were common. There was an abundance, too, of cigar store Indians, of Turks smoking long, slender pipes, of Scottish Highlanders with snuff boxes. Other figures – fat grimacing Pucks, dancing Negro boys and handsome English "swells"—were to be found in front of luggage shops, china houses and variety stores.

* * *

Even at that date, however, the New Yorker's love of the spectacular was asserting itself, according to the writer. Giant gilded eagles were observed "high up on the cornice of some five-story building" on lower Broadway, or other main thoroughfares, holding umbrellas, baskets or other items of trade. Gigantic pipes and huge gilded, double-barreled shot-guns (everything appears to have been gilded in those days) were affixed to building fronts. Large artificial limbs, products of a "mechanical art to which the war gave impetus," were much in evidence, as were dentistry displays featuring large jaws on revolving cushions and gilt molars suspended above the sidewalks.

Today wooden Indians and their motley company are found only in museums or in private collections. Tavern signs are seen here and there in front of tea "shoppes" and restaurants, but they are usually obvious copies of the traditional signs. Occasionally one sees a hand-made boot doing duty before a shoemaker's shop, but modern bootmakers' signs, as well as those used by hat cleaners, oculists and other small tradesmen, are almost invariably of machine-made sameness, wired for neon or electricity.

Stuffed bears and bisons, observed in front of many furriers' shops by the reporter of the Seventies, are seen no more on Manhattan trade thoroughfares. The artificial limbs and the realistic dental displays also have disappeared. Druggists' pestle-and-mortar exhibits, common in the Seventies, are found now only in a few shops, notably along Madison Avenue and in Greenwich Village.

* * *

The three golden balls of the pawnbroker, said to have been adapted from the family crest of the Medicis, patrons of goldsmiths in medieval Italy, are seen today, but not in great numbers. The current fashion is to paint the emblems on windows of the shop. On Chambers Street one may still see a gigantic double-barreled shotgun, advertising a firearms dealer.

Striped barber poles, recalling a day when barbers performed the additional function of bloodletting, are by far the most common of trade signs which have survived. Clocks and large painted watch faces are also common. Incidentally, an interesting subject for antiquarian research might be found in the fact that a large proportion of the painted watches give the time as exactly 8:19 o'clock.

The New York Times Magazine.

BOOK REVIEWS

Willard Price: South Sea Adventure

"Yap one of fast-diminishing places where they do things differently"

Peking & Tientsin Times,
July 3, 1936.

The world has heard quite a lot about Yap and the other Japanese Mandated Islands in the Pacific of late, largely because Geneva and the Naval strategists are worrying whether the islands have been fortified. If they are not in a state of defence now, they will be pretty soon after war breaks out, so the average person does not care two hoots whether it is done before or after. He is interested in Yap in quite another way. It is one of the fast-diminishing places wherein they do things differently, where our ways are not their ways.

Many of us, especially if they have lived at Hongkong, have thought at some time or other of taking a round tour of the islands on the German boat which operates on this route. It probably would not be half so romantic as it seems in imagination, but it certainly would be a "change" in a much wider sense than that term usually implies. Some things are different only in degree: the "class struggle" for instance. It seems odd to speak of that on a desert isle, among people all alike naked and illiterate. Nevertheless class distinctions are kept well to the fore. There are four free classes and a slave class, and the mark of the former is a comb which various in length from six inches to two feet according to the lineage of the wearer. In effect, he wears his family tree in his hair. The slaves may not wear the comb.

The property of anyone who dies, of either sex or age, is abandoned for a year. Mortality being high, a substantial part of the cultivable land, none too plentiful, must always be idle. It is one of the many customs the Japanese will no doubt try to change. Each man, woman, or child has his own land. When a child is born, a certain taro patch and a few coconut trees are assigned to him. His food must come from his own property. If there is too much for him, the rest must not—no one else may eat it. Each tree is for ever a masculine or feminine tree according to the sex of its owner. If a woman dies, her trees go to her daughter or sister. If the

women in a family die out, the man may not touch the fruit of the women's trees. Each person keeps a hawk-eye on the nuts on his tree, and knows the size and colour of every nut.

Most curious charts are used by the islanders. They are not of paper but of sticks criss-crossed in a sort of lattice and tied in place. Shells, fastened to the framework here and there, represent islands. Distances are carefully worked out. Peculiar shells represent atolls and reefs, shoals are indicated, and the direction of swells by curved sticks. These charts are often three feet square, a little awkward to handle in a small canoe but very efficient. A canoe setting out on a long voyage might carry a dozen or more of them, a few of which would be small-scale maps covering great distances. Today, however, steamers make long voyages by canoe unnecessary and much of the old skill is lost. Of course, there are nasty creatures in these island "paradises": the vampire, or fruit-bat, three feet from tip to tip, evil-looking and blood-sucking but vegetarian in the main; the huge robber crab with claws a foot long which can tear open a skull as easily as a cocoanut but seldom attacks unless cornered; and the voracious rat as large as a hedgehog, which dominates some of the smaller islands.

The only conspicuous building of each village is the All Men House, a clubhouse for male gossip of an evening while the women stay at home. The blood-red stains of the betel nut which the natives chew mark all the frequented trails, most of which are stone cause-ways, not dirt tracks, upon which all such marks are clearly revealed.

> "By the freshness of the stain, the good betel-juice reader can tell you how recently within a few minutes someone has passed that way. He can also tell you many other things about the spitter . . . basing his conclusions upon such considerations as volume, chemical strength, frequency of discharge, relative location, angle of deflection, and so on. Knowing the particular betel habits of individuals, he can often tell exactly who has passed. . . . What the American redskin can tell from a footprint the redmouth can deduce from a betel stain. There are certain men who are experts in this lore."

A great game is made of reciprocation dances. One village will send its representatives to dance a request for a canoe. The village before which the dance is staged must deliver. But it very soon returns the compliment . . . and dances, perhaps, a request for a certain piece of stone money. There must never be any holding back—that would not be sporting. Even if a woman is asked for she must be delivered. But there is always a comeback; and some of the demands, as well as the poetic and terpsichorean methods of presenting them, are ingenious in the extreme. The interpretive dance is the chief substitute for drama, art and literature in bookless Yap.

The cocoanut tree is wet nurse to Yap infants. Without it they must perish. The women, perhaps because theirs is a dying race, cannot suckle their children. Fortunately the milk of the cocoanut flower is an excellent substitute, if drunk while fresh. The method of extracting the milk from the flower stalk—not from the nut—is exceedingly ingenious. The difficulty is that if this is allowed to ferment it becomes a strong alcoholic toddy, on which the men get drunk, so the Japanese feel they must do something about this, especially as the mandate forbids intoxicating spirits. Forty per cent. of the women cannot bear. This grim fact profoundly influences Yap morality. The young man seeks a woman whose ability to bear children has been proved, and thus promiscuity before marriage is encouraged. The usual fear of society that such promiscuity will result in a large and uncared-for illegitimate population does not apply in Yap. A dying race frantically uses any methods or means which may increase the crop of babies. Sages in the council-chambers instruct young men that their chief duty is to bring into existence a new generation. Both the Japanese and their German predecessors have tried to teach continence. But they have been suspected of ulterior motives. Japanese doctors believe that the loose morals resulting from the desperate effort to avoid extinction, are hastening this. They point to other islands where missionaries and officials have succeeded in checking immorality: there, native population is on the increase. The argument does not appear to influence the Yap natives.

Stevenson wrote of the way in which class distinction is carried even to the length of speech. For the noble a whole private dialect is set apart. The common names for ordinary objects are taboo in his presence, and special words are set aside for his leg, his hair, his face, his belly, his eyelids, his son, his daughter, his wife,—his anger, his dreams, and his death. The Japanese are changing that, too. Side by side, princes and serfs vie for honours in the modern sports which have been introduced. The nobles protested volubly when the Japanese insisted that these annual Olympic games be opened to freemen and slaves alike. Now each district sends its athletes, garbed in distinctive uniform, to the annual meet. The noble learns to shake the hand of the one-time untouchable who has a squarely beaten him, and the chastening of the nobility is made especially severe by the fact that it is usually the former serfs who win. "Fu-re" shout the winning island—which is simply the English "hooray" adapted to the Japanese tongue.

It is asserted, and vouched for by an old and respected Japanese trader, that some islands have taken to consanguineous marriage as an aid in repopulating the tribe, and though it appears to be contrary to all Western ideas and experience, it is stated to work and to have produced unusually big, strong, healthy people. The entire population of one island, numbering 190 persons, is one family descended from one couple, and all the people look alike. Generally, however, these unions are taboo, as is also colour-crossing. Marriage with a white man may be considered an honour by a maiden of Tahiti. The Yap maiden would consider it a disgrace. Taboo is all powerful as a rule, and the native is hedged in by a thousand taboos.

In other islands Japanese colonisation is proceeding apace, and in some places the population is predominantly Japanese. It is believed that there is room for 100,000 Japanese farmers, and perhaps as many more fishermen and tradesmen can be accommodated. In a very short time the mandate question will be wiped out, for the majority of the inhabitants will be Japanese. It was nowhere envisaged in the theory of the mandate, which is a system of governing primitive peoples unable to govern themselves. Inter-marriage between Japanese and native always result in a family more Japanese than native in racial characteristics, education, and loyalties. The face of the problem is thus changed. "Even if the islands were torn from Japan, they would remain Japanese and would sooner or later revert to Japan. Thus the gods of birth and migration, regardless of the judgments of human chancelleries, seem to have given Japan a permanent mandate in South Seas."

南洋綺譚

The South Sea Adventure.

Willard Price 著

『南洋綺譚』といふ譯名を附して北星堂から出版された本書は、同時に英米でも出版され相互に輸入禁止となつてゐる。近頃珍らしい出版方法である。内容はプライス氏が華府の國立地理學會其他の委囑を受けて行つた南洋日本委任統治區域内島嶼の調査旅行記である。二十七章に亙る全巻の文章はいづれも、既に英米及日本の新聞雜誌等に一度發表されたもの。新聞雜誌向に書かれたものだけあつて專ら興味本位に輕い筆致で終始して居る。『日本の赤道帝國を巡る』といふサブタイトルに相應しい讀物である。

著者は數ヶ月に亙る南洋旅行中も、常に妻君携帶であつた。然かも妻君まで頗るヂャーナリスチックな頭があることが、本書に出てくる言葉中に窺はれる。著者が各地で土人の生活に潜入して、通り一遍の旅行者の得られない面白い經驗をしてゐるのも妻君の存在に負ふ所が多い。かうした内助の功は日本人新聞記者の場合一寸望まれぬことであり、その意味で本書を讀むものは少からず羨望の念を感ずるであらう。

日本の委任統治そのものに對する著者の立場は頗る公平無私で氣持がいゝ。或る種の外人記者のやうに見え透いた御世辭などを言はず、簡明卒直に見たまゝを書いてゐる。聯盟の態度如何に拘らず、又法理的解釋の如何に拘らず、日本の手が既に確かり、南洋を摑んで居り南洋諸島もまた日本人の手で著著開發され住民も刻々日本化しつゝある事實を、間違なく認識して之を文章中に巧みに織り込んでゐる所は流石に永年文筆に親しんで來た玄人の手際である。

プライス氏の文章は、ユーモアたつぷりの輕妙な筆觸である。いかなる眞劍な問題でも必ず一つまみのユーモアを交ぜて軟かに書きこなす手腕を持つてゐる。南洋旅行に際して何等日本側から物質的補助を受けず從つて何等義理立てをする必要はないといふの

編輯室から

ウダる様な此處數日來の暑さである。水邊の綠陰ででも讀んで貰はうと思つて夏季休暇號を御送りする。

× × ×

卷頭の夏の英國なる一文は美しい英國の田園詩である。「ベルが鳴る、白く洗はれた石段が水ぎわまでくだつて居る處で。涼しい空氣が水の面を渡つて來る。ボートが向ふ岸につないであつて、市場歸りのバスケツトを持つた婦人が樹の枝に懸つて居るベルを鳴してボートの中に入つて居る。呼ばれた渡し守は自分のカテージから道をかけ降りて來てボートに飛びのつてから彼女を向ふ岸へ渡す。女がボートから降りがけに言葉を交はす、すると川の水音を越えて渡し守の大聲の笑がひゞく……」穏やかな風景畫である。

× × ×

ハイキングの發祥地英國は今集團的ハイキングが盛んださうである。そして昨年本誌で御紹介申上げたユース・ホステル運動がいよいよ盛んになつてイングランドとスコツトランドに於けるホステルの數約三百、三年前に於ける宿泊者二十萬人、今年邊りは恐らく倍加するだらうと云はれて居る。一泊一志位で、颯爽とハイキングして廻る英國青年達はいゝ運動を始めたものだ。

× × ×

空の奇觀の一つは、無數の月群を三重のリングにして持てる土星であると云はれるが、其土星に今年は十五年毎の周期的現象である地球の視界に對するリング消滅とリング分裂の奇現象が起る年なのである。リング消滅の方は六月下旬迄には起つて居るのであつて華かなりし三重のリングをもぎ取られて土星球面上に夢の様な其陰丈けを殘して居ると云ふ世にも不可思議な姿である。今や土星は地球に對し一日百萬哩の速度で近づきつゝある、東南の空に於ける最大の光輝をもてる巨星である、リングの異變を見得る望遠鏡に接する機會なき人も夏の夜空に其存在丈にても認められよ一、但しもつと西南よりに一層輝しく光るのは木星である。

× × ×

デモクリトスが世界の物質の生成を「アトム」に歸したのは紀元前四百年にさかのぼるが、其後二千五百年の科學と思索はデモクリトス以來大した進捗を見せて居ないのである。但しデモクリトスのアトムはだんだん掘りさげられて行つて、殆どノベル賞ごとに物質生成の單位は一階梯づゝより根本的なものへと下げられて行くのである。本號四頁所載の記事は此極小追求の科學のロマンスを興味深く語つて居る。

× × ×

偖而八月に我等に殘された仕事の一つは遠く思ひを伯林に馳せて我水上軍の多分間違ひないであらう世界再制覇と陸上軍の大活躍をラヂオでハラハラしながら聞き入る事である。其結果は來月號でお目にかける事とし、ラヂオの合間には本誌にも目を通され度い。兎に角に酷暑の折柄御健勝を祈り上げます。

に、新聞記者として受ける汽船賃の割引は忘れずに之を利用し、オレンヂの接待も之を辭さなかつたことを附記するが如きその一例である。

南洋の風物人情を語る諸章も勿論面白いが、本書中に屢出て來る南洋在住の英米人獨逸人等の生活振りも頗る效果的に叙述されてゐる。就中、姉妹の老嬢宣教師の話などは、所謂「涙ぐましい」ものがある。土語に飜譯した聖書の校正をするのに、眼鏡を壞してしまつて無理をした爲め失明するに至つた條など非常にパセチツクな文章である。挿入寫眞は五十葉の多きに及んでゐる、悉く著者自身のスナツプであるといふ。例の巨大な石錢の上に土人が登つてゐる所や、日本人教師が土人の子弟に耕作の實習をさせてゐる所、土人酋長の墓、その他面白いものが多數ある。目下南洋に關する文獻の少ない折柄、好個の出版物と言へやう。兎に角、ヒューマンインテレストの點に於て、本書の如く徹底せることは、國民性から考へても日本人の著者には一寸期待出來まい。本の裝釘や紙質のよい割合に定價も決して高くはない。校正も嚴密だ。買つて讀んでも後悔しない種類の書物である。(『國際評論』昭和十一年六月號所載)

(第三種郵便物認可) 昭和十一年八月一日發行 (毎月一回一日發行) 發行兼印刷人 中土義敬 發行所 振替東京一六〇二四番 北辰堂 (〒四二九番) 靜岡市五番町四十

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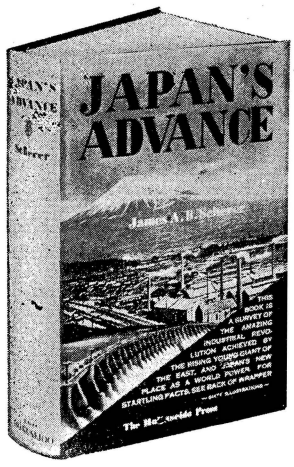

本書は先づ最近驚くべき躍進を遂げた日本の重、輕工業の最新總覽であり、その躍進史であり、原因と動向の究明であり、最新の數字であり、日本産業のロマンスである。然かも流麗なるペン能く、動もすれば乾燥無味に流れ易き材料を心にくき迄に鮮に處理して、宛ら絢爛たる我躍進史の繪巻を提示して居る。

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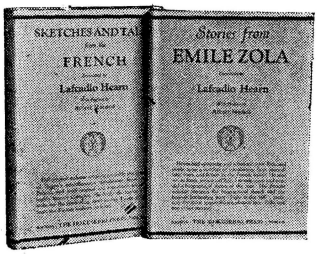

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